



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

very different thing to have translations used as subsidiary to such an elaborate amount of detailed study of the language itself as Mr. Bradley advocates. As Mr. Bradley says, we teachers of Greek and Latin should ourselves constitute the Department of Classical Languages and Literature (if we are ourselves competent really to constitute that department we have great reason to cry *Dis deabusque omnibus gratias maximas et agimus et semper agemus*. Of one thing at least I am positive; no one save the direct students of Latin and Greek is competent to constitute that department). Again, Mr. Bradley's proposals for the extensive study of Latin and Greek involve devoting most of the hours for extensive work to the most intensive sort of intensive study, an intensive study which will force the student to stand on his own feet, if anything ever will, and will pitilessly expose his ignorance, if ignorant he is, even to his teacher.

Again, the careful following of such a programme of work as Mr. Bradley outlines would go far, in my opinion, to meet and nullify some objections which have been urged to the proposal to lay increased emphasis on examinations in the translation of Latin at sight as the road to admission to college. I feel very strongly that the teacher who succeeds in imparting from the outset a real knowledge of the language will have no difficulty in carrying that student through not only as much Latin as has heretofore been prescribed for admission, but much more. The difficulty has never been in the quantity *per se*.

I was interested also in the coyness, if I may use the word, of Mr. Bradley's reference to the oral use of Latin in the preparatory work. The danger that a mere term will be regarded by some as an infallible panacea for all discovered and discoverable ills is always present; in this connection it is present, I think, in more than ordinary degree. We need a clearcut presentation of what is really meant by the oral method, at least of what is meant by those who have recently been using the term, and an equally clearcut indication of the extent to which the method, clearly delimited, is practicable for the average teacher in the preparatory school.

Here, then, at the very outset of a new volume of THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY we have set before us many, if not all, of the problems with which we have to deal. The editors will be glad to have the thoughts of the readers of THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY on these topics.

C. K.

BYWAYS OF ROMAN VERSE¹

The great body of Latin versifiers, known and unknown, grouped together as *Poetae Latini Minores* by no means deserve the almost complete oblivion

into which they have been allowed to sink. The Minor Poets are worth reading; for among much that is commonplace, trashy or obscene, they have left to us some really beautiful poetry, and, beside this, a wonderful record in verse of their daily life, their loves and their hates, their labor and their play. Even the commonplace among this mass of verse is of value, not for the literary impressions conveyed, but for what is told of the life, the thought, the gossip of the day. These trifles of the day we do not get in the prose writings. The prose of the Romans was usually serious or at least sustained work; but the impressions of the moment were all given in verse. For as the centuries wore on after the Christian Era and Rome entered upon the period of her decline, Rome became a nation of versifiers. An overwhelming proportion of verse to prose marks the decline as well as the rise of a literature.

Among these Minor Poets the entire gamut of excellence is run. As Petronius says:

Each what each shall wish may find: there's nothing existing
Pleasing to all; one thorns, one the sweet roses
doth cull.

It may, I hope, be of interest to stroll through these byways of verse in search of what is good, curious or amusing. And one word as to the form in which I shall offer my selections. I shall attempt to translate them into the same metrical forms as the originals. I am aware that this is regarded in highly authoritative quarters as rash, not to say rank, heresy. We are met with much objection about the genius of the language and other intangibilities of criticism. Alien verse forms *can* be grafted upon a language, as witness the entire body of Latin verse itself. I have long had a lurking belief that in order truthfully and accurately to convey the effect of Latin and Greek poetry in translation, the translation should be made in the metre of the original; and when we find so acute a critic as Mr. Churton Collins expressing a decided leaning to this opinion, it is, I think, pardonable to attempt such rendering; though I must crave indulgence for rushing in where, so to speak, angels have feared to tread.

Let us begin with the Emperors themselves. It is an imperial banquet of Augustus. The guests, chosen friends of the founder of an empire and patron of the arts, recline about the regal board. The scent of roses is heavy upon the air. The guests await the signal from the royal host. Augustus speaks:

Guests of mine, all corroding cares tonight will
you banish?

Let not a clouded heart shadow this snow-white
hour.

¹ This paper was read at the Fourth Annual Meeting of The Classical Association of the Atlantic States, New York City, April 23, 1910.

Every murmur of anxious soul bid swiftly to vanish;

So shall each breast, care-free, open to friendship's power.

Man cannot always rejoice: the hours pass; let us be merry!

Hard is the task, O Friend, to rescue a day from the Fates.

Hadrian, the bluff and rugged soldier, sounds a more martial note; yet he too could unbend and be the jovial friend upon rare occasions. Among his intimates was one Florus, a poet of no mean talent. With him Hadrian even condescended to bandy jocular verses. Florus addressed to him some lines in playful compliment upon certain of his campaigns:

I'd not choose to be our Caesar,
Marching forth among the Britons,
Dodging round among the Parthians,
Bearing sting of Scythian hoar-frosts.

Hadrian retorts with a hit at some of Florus's weaknesses:

I'd not choose to be our Florus,
Marching forth among the taverns,
Dodging round among the lunch rooms,
Bearing sting of countless flea-bites.

In addition to the personal interest of these skits, Hadrian reveals to us some habitués of the eating houses of his realm that have never since forsaken it. But the scene changes. The Emperor of the world is dying. With his last breath, facing unknown and unimagined infinities of time and space, he breathes this address to his departing soul:

O Spirit, swift-fleeting, alluring,
Thou guest and friend of my body,
Where lie the lands thou art seeking,
Death-pale, death-still and naked,
Thy wonted jests forever stilled?

Much of the vast volume of minor Roman verse had no less a purpose than to furnish a code for the direction of life. The Roman was given to philosophizing, and his philosophy was practical rather than speculative. The mutability of things terrestrial brought these reflections to Sulpicius Lupercus Sebastus:

All that Nature, mother eternal, fashioned,
Stable though thou deem it, yet changing ever,
Fragile, fleeting, conquered by time and usage,
Finds dissolution.

Streams are wont to shift from accustomed channels,

Course long traversed changing its fixed direction;
Oft the bank slow mined by the gentlest current
Yields to erosion.

Tumbling streamlets hollow the hardest tufa;
Loamy fields wear down the stern iron plowshares;

Golden rings adorning fair fingers shine by
Constant attrition.

Remarks on the philosophy of life would be incomplete without reference to Florus, the same who earned for himself the jibe of Hadrian. He was a cynic and a pessimist, and has recorded his views in his *De Qualitate Vitae*, of which just enough remains to whet our appetites for more. In these fragments we seem able to trace the cause of Florus's cynicism with fair certainty. First, as an enthusiastic young lover he writes:

Once I planted a young orchard of the apple and the pear;

Then my sweetheart's name so precious carved I in the tree bark there.

Thence to me no ease of spirit, no surcease of passion came:

Grew the tree, and blazed my passion; the letters brand my soul with flame.

This experiment proved a disastrous failure for Florus, whatever its effect might have been on the fruit. The lady may have jilted him; she may have married him; contrary causes often produce like effects. At any rate Florus writes:

Every woman in her bosom cherishes a venomous dart:

While her lips talk honeyed sweetness, ruin lurks within her heart.

He keeps on brooding till he develops the worst possible case of the blues:

Bad it is to have great riches as to lack the ringing gold:

Bad to take the bold risk ever as to ever shun the bold:

Bad to ever be secretive as when overmuch is told.
Bad as on the town a mistress is within the home a wife.

None will call these maxims falsehoods; none by them direct his life.

All this is glittering generality. We reach the bill of particulars in the so-called *Disticha Catonis*. The pretty nursemaid problem is thus handled:

Credit not rashly thy wife when she makes complaint of the servants:

Ever a woman detests a servant that pleases her husband.

We even have some anonymous advice as to the choice of a wife. I quote it as peculiarly applicable to teachers:

Due weight given to morals, you must choose a wife for her beauty.

Plainness stamped on the face, by gold is never masked over.

Once let a man in his greed be pledged such a woman to marry,
Soon from his choice will he shrink; for plainness is foe to affection.

It is a wonder that some scholar with 'influences' for a hobby has not traced to this Tennyson's "Doan't thou marry fer munny, but goa wheer munny is".

Not only was life regulated by verse-precepts; it was chronicled in verse. The Romans had the verse habit. Whatever experience a Roman had that made any sort of impression upon him, he went home and wrote verses about it. A good dinner, a strange scene in the street, a mechanical device, the doings of the day—all were the themes of countless versicles constituting a treasure house of information which it would be impossible to hope for from other than accidental sources. In one of these stray stanzas are recorded the very first written words of a Germanic tongue, penned in a fit of anger and disgust. A Roman officer, a poet, serving with his legion on the banks of the distant Danube, seats himself to write. In an adjoining room some Goths are singing, feasting, drinking. 'Heil!' they shout, as to this day shout the revellers of the Fatherland, 'Heil! scapia matzia ia drincan!' The poet's ears ring with the barbaric accents. Write he can not. But he dashes off a protest more valuable to us than his unborn poem:

Deafened by Goths' loud 'Hail! Sing, Ho for eating and drinking!'

Devil a decent verse a poet can wring from his brain.

Timid Calliope, too, from tipsy Bacchus is shrinking,

Fearing a drunken muse her footing cannot maintain.

Over against these Gothic drinking bouts we are tempted to wonder what was the menu at a Roman dinner. Coronatus partially solves the problem with a distich entitled, *A Mixed Roast*.

Ham and rabbit and dove, the partridge and Juno's own peafowl,

Lamb and spare ribs are served and a white goose specially fattened.

This is the ancestor of the potpie, for the other meats together with cabbage were stuffed in the goose. This is told by an unknown diner-out who adds:

Who don't believe that the Trojan horse once sheltered a phalanx?

The Roman, too, was fond of wine. He loved it; and he worshipped Bacchus with true devotion. Florus thus apostrophizes Bacchus:

Bearing fire, behold Apollo; Bacchus' burden seems the same.

Both are of the fire created, both begotten of the flame:

Both give warmth in all their giving, wine and the sunbeam's piercing dart:

One the gloom of night dispelleth, one the gloom within the heart.

Two couplets ascribed to Avitus show us that poet's lively appreciation of Bacchus's gift to mortals. In the first Avitus has evidently had a warning dream; Phoebus seems to have been a bit jealous of his more popular colleague. Note the poet's play upon the squinting construction of his modifying phrase: Phoebus forbade me in sleep to quaff the potions of Bacchus.

This command I obey; only when waking I'll drink.

The second has an equally humorous touch:

Neat the revenge of the grape for indignities practised upon her:

Trodden by feet in the press, tanglefoot vengeance she takes.

We can imagine a poet, probably one Bonosus, a victim of grapy vengeance, strolling in wavy line down street and seeing a rope walker. Naturally to him the feat appears remarkable and is duly recorded in our poet's verse diary:

I saw a man balanced over the street,

The path that he trod not as wide as his feet.

We are shown also the Roman and his pets, his birds, his dogs and his cats. Down to the Christian Era cats were practically unknown in Rome¹, and for long afterward we find them mentioned solely as destroyers of rats and mice and devourers of pet birds. We have a quatrain, entitled *On the Cat* which, when it had eaten too large a Mouse, suffered Apoplexy and died:

Puss, when a monstrous mouse she all too greedily swallows,

Comes to a violent end, choked by the morsel she gnaws.

Thus the small prey she is wont to pursue brings ruin upon her;

Slaying throughout her life, she seizes grim death in her jaws.

Dogs we find in numbers, watch dogs, hunting dogs, toy dogs. Talking parrots and magpies the Roman had, and native song birds were caged and tamed. Ancient Hagenbecks gave trained animal shows. A stray quatrain pictures one where 'grinning apes' rode about on galloping dogs. Elephants paraded the streets of Rome, and we learn to our surprise that hunting with the cheetah, the sport of Rajahs, had been transplanted to western shores. We learn also by merest accident from Nemesianus that the capercailzie, noblest of European game birds and

¹ But see THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 2.165-166.

now practically restricted to the Scandivanian Peninsula and the mountain forests of Austro-Hungary, once nested at the foot of the Appennines.

Daily tasks are described and the methods and devices of their accomplishment. A wheel device for water drawing moves one poet to astonishment. Water it draws and it pours, discharging the fluid unstable;

Drinking the stream but to give it forth; Oh wonder and marvel!

Water it bears, on water it is borne. Thus water through water

Flows and a new device drinks up the oldest of liquids.

Here is a cooling device in a land as yet unvisited by the Ice Trust:

Flows the cool stream from the jar to the cup, seductively gurgling.

On it some force unknown has exerted the functions of cold.

Now the great jar we fill with warm undrinkable water—

Lo! the water we store grows cool by some rain-breeding power.

It is the porous water jar, the olla of our own Southwest.

Among the verses of daily doing the following instructive classification of kisses may well find a place:

Basia give to your wife: in friendship be Oscula given:

Savia, passion's exchange, on lascivious lips sweetly linger.

The mere curiosities of this minor Roman verse are many. Symphosius has left a collection of 100 riddles in good taste and most apt in construction. I will give a few of them.

Gifted with trifling strength, I display the most stalwart of virtues.

Opening homes that are closed, I close again those that are open:

Guarding the house for the master, in turn by him am I guarded.

Dust of the waters am I, and weightless gently I settle.

Moist in the sunshine am I; in cold dry; flowing in Summer.

Destined rivers to form, I first of the lands take possession.

This is the prey that's pursued by man and the beasts of the forest.

If to catch him you chance, you refuse to take with you your quarry:

If to catch him you fail, you always take the game with you.

This one is respectfully referred to the Shade of Florus.

Here is an enigma by an unknown author:

Mountain I am, and mountain I was, a mountain remaining:

Take my third letter away, all that remains is my sixth.

The solution is rather subtle: HAEMUS is the word, a mountain in Thrace. Taking out E leaves HAMUS, 'hook', a term often applied to the letter S.

When we come to the personal verse of the Romans, we reach a vast territory. The Romans were past masters of the art of personal verse, epigram and lampoon. If a Roman loved, he wrote verses to the object of his adoration; if he hated, he crushed his enemy with a verse. It has been a characteristic of lovers in all time, I have heard, to break into poetry; and so thinks Tuccianus when he writes:

Love is the parent of song: by song sweet love is begotten.

Love must be won by a song; to sing, one needs to be loving.

A believer in this theory evidently was one Felix; and one of the letters he penned to bring joy to another heart has come down to us. Time plays strange pranks. Felix and the bright young girl he wooed have been grinning skeletons for nearly 2000 years. The inmost thoughts of his heart live as he gave them utterance, extravagant it is true and provoking the deprecatory smile; but have those of us who have written or received love letters forgotten them? Perhaps, for this is a prosaic and practical age.

Dearest, thy pure sweet eyes with silvery starlight are beaming;

Roses enwreath thy neck; thy locks vie with gold in their gleaming.

Cheeks that are soft and chaste shine anon with the pinkest of blushes;

Breast of the whiteness of milk is tinged with thy blood's fervent rushes.

Honor kneels at thy feet; all thine is the Goddesses' beauty:

Venus's radiant charms thou surpasses, yet true to thy duty.

.....

When through the lilies thy path, so softly stepping, thou takest,

Not a bloom of them all with thy dainty pressure thou breakest.

.....

One soft touch of thy lips could banish pain from my being;

Cause of my ills and the cure, thy lips could set sorrow a-fleeing.

Wreck not my life! Must I die for this sole crime,
that I love thee?
Yet if this crime be too grave, grant this prayer,
by the Heaven above thee:
Deign as I lie in death one embrace when thou
standest before me:
Then in defiance of Fate, to glad life this clasp will
restore me.

Alcimus has an equally severe attack when Lesbia
sends him an apple and a cake. The little flirt, by the
way, took a playful bite from the cake before she
sent it. The old, old story seems to have been told
in pretty much the same way through the ages.

Lesbia, light of my soul, has sent me a luscious red
apple:

Paltry seem to my eyes all other apples I see:
Paltry ripe quinces appear, all clothed in velvety
whiteness;
Paltry the choicest gifts, chestnuts a-nest in the
burr.

Then she sent me a cake that with dainty bite she
had tasted:

Nectar's own sweetness it brings, coming straight
from her lips;
Sweeter far than honey itself—my sweet one has
touched it,
Breathing forth from her lips odors of Attican
thyme.

Again Alcimus goes into ecstasies over a pair of eyes
—let us hope they were Lesbia's:

Oh, thine eyes! so gentle and ever smiling!
Eyes that speak in their own sweet winning fashion.
There dwell Venus herself and tender passion:
In their depths lurks Pleasure, the soul-beguiling.

Petronius is wholly delightful in these verses to
Julia:

Julia playfully aimed a glistening snowball: she
hit me.

Snow I once thought was cold: snow now I
find to be fire.

What, you say, colder than snow? Yet snow set my
bosom a-burning,

Thrown from fair Julia's hand. Strange feeling
for snow to inspire!

What safe refuge is mine from Love's insidious
plottings

Now that fire has been found lurking in crystals
of frost?

Julia, thou alone canst extinguish the flame thou
hast kindled;

Not by snow nor by ice; in equal warmth, warmth
may be lost.

(To be concluded.)

B. W. MITCHELL.

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, Philadelphia.

REVIEWS

Ionian and the East. By David G. Hogarth. Oxford:
The Clarendon Press (1909). 117 pp.

In these six lectures delivered before the University of London Mr. Hogarth deals with the problem of the origin of Ionian civilization. The difficulty of such an investigation is very great, especially as so few excavators in Hellenic Asia have dug down to the earliest prehistoric strata. But Mr. Hogarth marshals the evidence, both archaeological and traditional, in a convincing manner, and makes out a strong case for his theory that Ionian civilization was produced by invaders from the North acting upon the decadent 'Aegeans', while they themselves were influenced by the older culture of the land in which they settled. Attica was too sterile to support a large population, and what is traditionally known as the Ionian Migration followed. Newcomers and older inhabitants alike took part in this stream of colonization, for the two races were near enough akin to amalgamate. The northern invaders "were by no means barbarians when they eventually descended upon the Hellenic peninsula, but were peculiarly well equipped to understand and assimilate all that remained of the aboriginal high civilization of the Aegean area". The curious absence of 'Aegean' remains along the coast of Asia Minor Mr. Hogarth accounts for by the ingenious supposition that at the time of the greatest dominion of the 'Aegean' race there existed a power in the hinterland of Asia strong enough to keep outsiders from settling on the coasts. This power he identifies with the Hatti, or 'Hittites'. Toward the close of the second millennium B. C. the Hittite realm was beginning to decay under repeated attacks from Assyria, and it was completely overthrown by Sargon III, about the end of the 8th century B. C. Thus the decline and fall of the Hittite power synchronises with the traditional date of the Ionian migration.

Mr. Hogarth will not admit that the Phoenicians made any great contribution to Hellenic civilization, and that already discredited race suffers still further denudation at his hands. Asiatic influences, he thinks, reached the Hellenes from Mesopotamia, through the Phrygians and Lydians rather than through the Phoenicians, and he supports his contentions by both archaeological and literary evidence. Even the Phoenician claims upon the alphabet are doubted. Besides the evidence of Mr. Evans' Cretan script, and the Cypriote syllabaries, there is further support for disbelief in a Phoenician origin.

Some form of linear signary is proved by the incised potsherds found at Tordos in Transylvania to have been in use in neolithic south-eastern Europe; and the famous inscription of Lemnos, which is in a character like the Phrygian, though not in the Phrygian language, occurred, it must be remembered, geographically on the possible route of